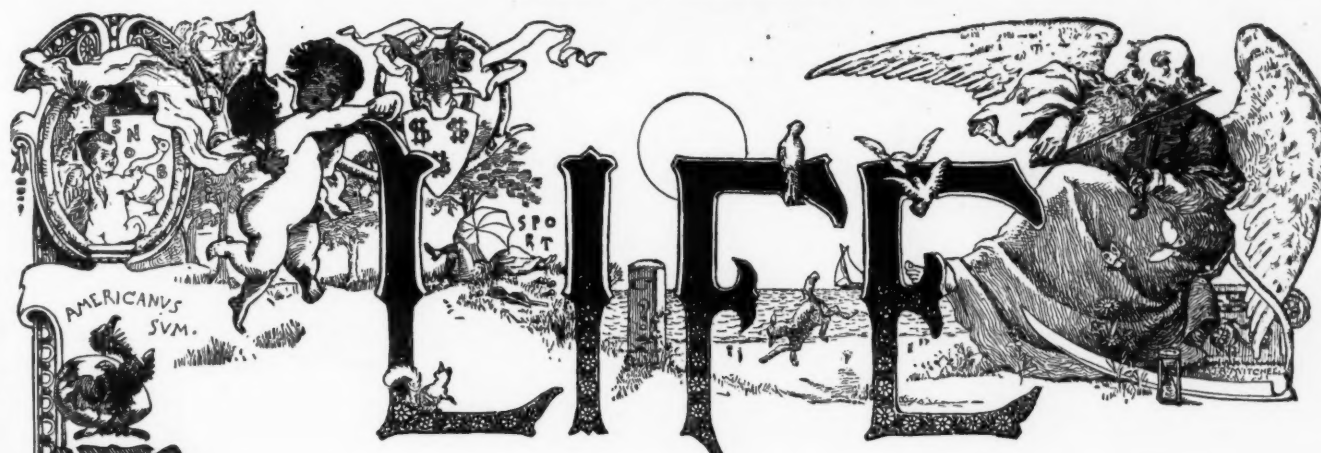


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A PROMISING YOUNG MAN.

She: WE SHALL HAVE ALL OF PAPA'S MONEY WHEN HE DIES.

He: IF HE KEEPS ON TAKING MY ADVICE IN SPECULATION, WE SHALL HAVE ALL OF IT BEFORE HE DIES.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY
AND OF BUT ONE GRADE—THAT OF STERLING, **MA** FINE
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS, AND THE QUESTION

"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"
IS NEVER RAISED
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FUR LINED OPERA CLOAKS.

Lined variously; those with
White Manchurian Lamb as
low as \$85.

TIGER SKIN RUGS.

Artistically mounted, with
full heads—at \$85, \$100, \$125,
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POLAR BEAR RUGS.

A superb collection, well
worthy of a visit. \$65 and
upwards.

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GUNTHER'S SONS,
184 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.

By **JOHN A. MITCHELL,**

Editor of "LIFE" and author of "The Last American."

A series of clever fairy tales, full of the quaint humor that
marks Mr. Mitchell's writings. With numerous illustrations by
Gibson, Johnson, Attwood and others.

Fully as amusing as "The Last American," which was one of
the most successful satires ever published in this country, and
which is now in its eighth edition.

Well printed on good paper and bound in dark blue cloth,
appropriately stamped in ink and gold. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.00.

Sent to any address on receipt of price (at the publishers'
expense.)

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27 West Twenty-Third Street.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

Life's Jubilee Number.

To be ready Dec. 18th.

Elaborately printed and embellished with matter pertaining
to LIFE'S birth and growth.

For sale by all Newsdealers.

Price 25 Cents.

Stern Bros.

direct attention to their
unusually large assortments of

Holiday Goods

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Toilet Articles

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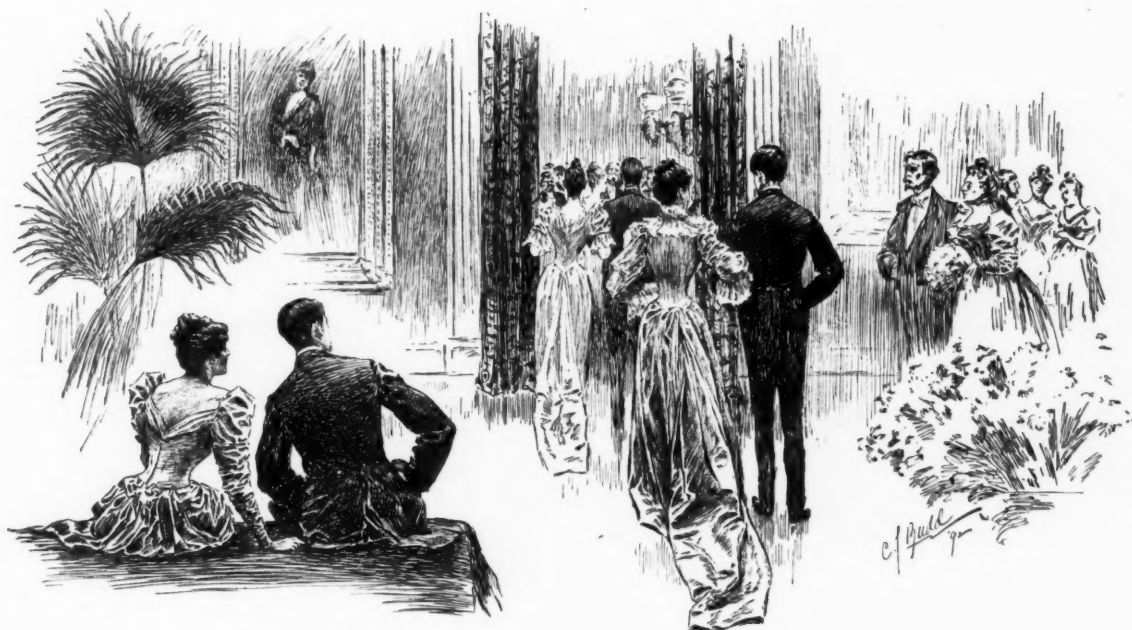
Umbrellas,

Art Embroideries,

with choice novelties in
all other departments, at very

Attractive Prices

West 23d St.



He: DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE A MATCH?

She: IT OUGHT TO BE. HE'S A REGULAR STICK, AND SHE'S ALL THE REST OF IT.



EXTREMES MEET.



"HALLO, MIKE; WHOSE VALENTINE IS YOU A CUTTIN' ON THE ICE?"

"AH! GO 'WAY AN' DON'T BOTHER ME. AIN'T YER AWEER THAT THERE IS SACRED MOMENTS WHEN A MAN WANTS TER BE BY HISSELF?"

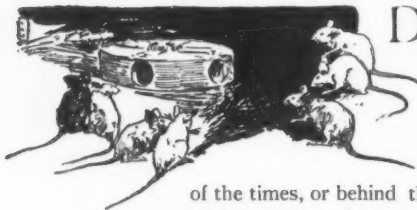


"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX. DECEMBER 15, 1892. No. 520.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVI., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$10.00 per volume.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



DISPARAGING the abilities of the late Mr. Gould, that opinionated contemporary, the *Evening Post*—if a journal that is always ahead

of the times, or behind them, can be called a contemporary—observes that "every modern city swarms with men capable of making very good Goulds under favoring social conditions." But that is not the verdict of the *Post's* newspaper neighbors, nearly all of whom credit Mr. Gould with extraordinary gifts, which, if he had chosen to employ them honestly, would have been amply adequate for his respectable support. Hardly any one has suggested that Mr. Gould was not a scamp, but it has been alleged that he was no more scampish than a great many other comparatively reputable men in the same line of business, and that his pre-eminent notoriety was due to his superior talent rather than to a peculiarly abnormal destitution in the matter of scruples.

The title, "Napoleon of Finance" has become so worn by miscellaneous use, that few of Mr. Gould's obituaries applied it to him. Yet Gould was the man that it really fitted. He was so intelligent and so relentless, that his way of doing things appeared like the operation of natural forces, and it seems almost as absurd to estimate his career according to moral standards as to apply them to sewer gas or cholera germs. As a fiscal bacillus, he had no peer in his generation. He was thorough, workmanlike, remorseless, and of a superior courage. He had no more malice than the glanders, no more compunction than the grip. He did his work admirably, and it cannot be doubted that the great field of American finance is in far better sanitary condition to-day than it could have been, except for the precautions and improved methods, the need of which he demonstrated. The *Tribune*, which has often been mis-

taken of late, declares that "he has gone where he will be justly judged." LIFE is not so certain as the *Tribune* is, that bacilli go anywhere after they get through with earth, but if Mr. Gould's mundane career does come up for appraisal somewhere else, LIFE believes that a large measure of credit will be given him as an effectual microbe.

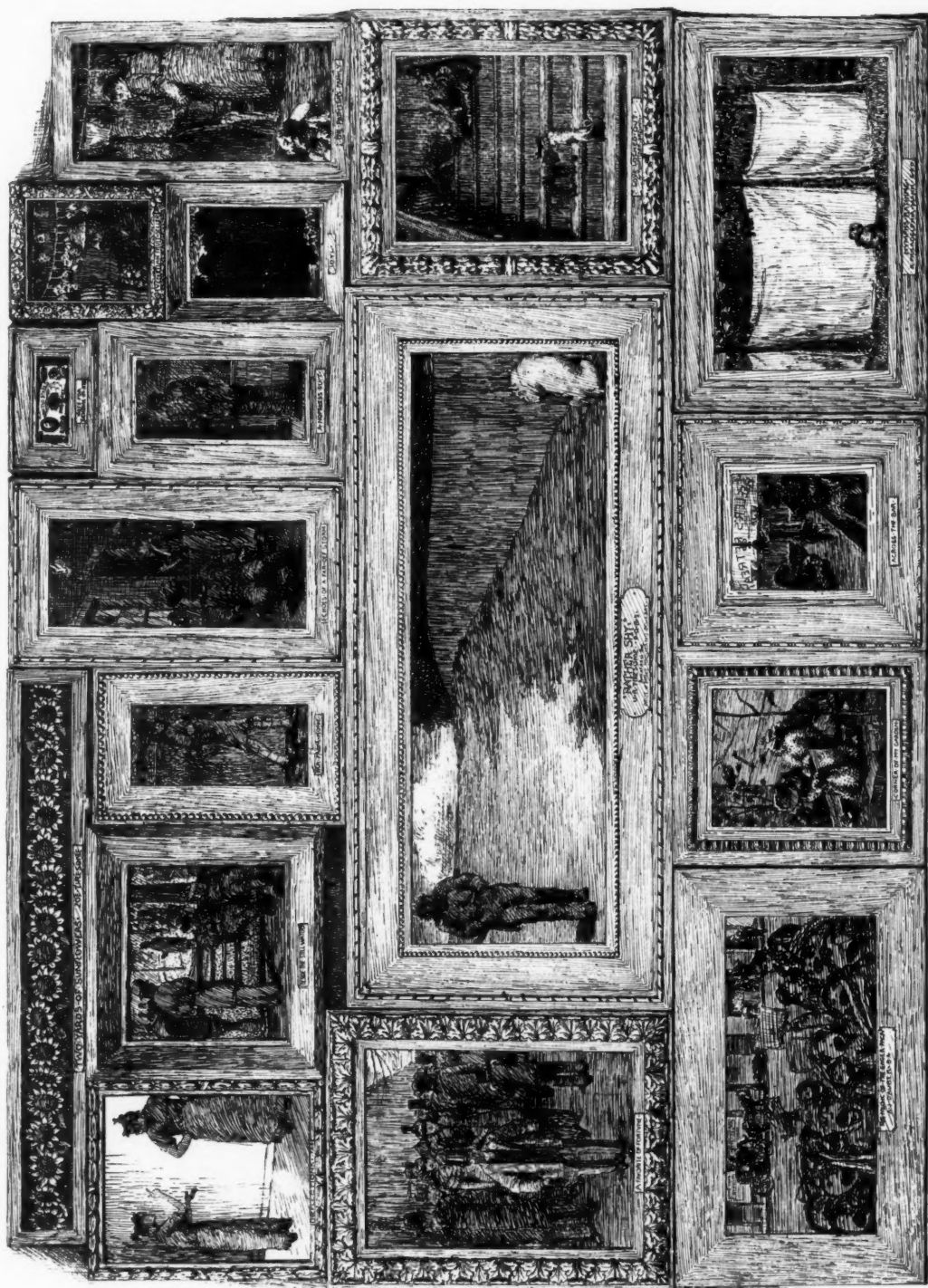


IF Mr. Gould is to be considered as a man, it is pleasant to be able to point out how much his happiness was promoted by his admirable discretion in many particulars of personal conduct. He had a feeble stomach, but instead of making a target of it, he treated it like a pet canary, so that though it never afforded him much fun, it lasted him fifty-seven years, and might have outlived him if his head had not so dominated his system, that when that died he died all over. Besides that, he never lost any sleep sitting up nights at the Patriarchs' balls. Indeed, it is averred—how truthfully LIFE cannot say—that when solicited to become a Patriarch himself, Mr. Gould expressed his willingness to subscribe to the concern's stock, but declined to pledge his personal attendance at the meetings.



NO one seems to be worrying about the disposition of the Gould fortune. The impression is that the huge surplus income will go to build more railroads, and Dr. Lyman Abbot said in a sermon last month, that if he were a great railroad owner he would be puzzled to know whether his surplus could do more good in extending railroads or missions. The fear of vast fortunes seems to be diminishing. They are looked upon more as institutions, and less as sources of arbitrary power. Large surpluses not only *can* be made very useful to the community, but it is something of a problem to find any use for them out of which the community will not get some benefit. Now and then a man will build a million dollar stable, but even that must be put to some real use when he gets done with it.

ONE of the neighbors has been saying that there was an astonishing amount of conspicuous drinking out of flasks at the Yale-Princeton football game. Looking on at a football game in November is cold sport, but flask-work in mixed public assemblages feels a good deal better than it looks. As long though as the stimulation of the circulation by exercise is confined to the players on the field it is difficult to see just how we are going to dispense with the flask as a necessary adjunct to the game.



REMINISCENCES OF THE ACADEMY



The Lovesick Scarecrow



A SCARECROW in a field of corn,
A thing of tatters all forlorn,
Once felt the influence of Spring
And fell in love—a foolish thing,
And most particularly so
In his case—for he loved a crow!

"Alack a day! it's wrong I know,
It's wrong for me to love a crow,
An all-wise man created me
To scare the crows away," cried he,
And though the music of her "Caw"
Thrills through and through this heart of straw.

"My passion I must put away
And do my duty come what may!
Yet, oh, the cruelty of fate!
I fear she doth reciprocate
My love, for oft at dusk I hear
Her in my cornfield hovering near.

And once I dreamt—Oh, vision blest,
That she alighted on my breast.
'Tis very, very hard I know,
But all-wise man decreed it so,"
He cried and flung his arms in air,
The very picture of despair.

* * * * *

Poor Scarecrow, if he could but know
Even now his lady-love, the Crow,
Sits in a branch, just out of sight,
With her good husband, waiting night
To pluck from out his sleeping breast
His heart of straw to line her nest.

Oliver Herford.



THE principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is one which Americans applaud, and generally practice, but it is one that may bring dangers in its suit. To have the evil that Jay Gould has done glossed over with silence, and only the small proportion of good held up to public notice, is to promise to the youth of this country that they may make their lives what they please, without reproach to the names they leave. In a republic, where the virtue of the individual is the bulwark of the state, it is especially important that lives which sin against the people shall be held up to execration. In Jay Gould's passion for money-getting he attacked our system of government in its most vital spot. To further his unlawful schemes he did not hesitate to tempt judges with his bribes, and to



Artist: NOW, THAT IS WHAT I CALL FUNNY.
A MAN WHO CAN'T SEE THE HUMOR IN THAT
JOKE IS TO BE PITIED.



"A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR."

corrupt our legislators. The man who, to aid his ambitions, uses open treason is a less dangerous foe to his country than the one, who, like Gould, brings secret corruption to poison the very fountains of law and justice.

No amount of domestic virtue should be permitted to blind us to the fact that Jay Gould was a public enemy, worthy only of public condemnation, whether alive or dead.

THE HARD PART.

PROPRIETOR: Did you let the lady know it was no trouble to show your wares?

NEW CLERK: Yes, sir. I told her that selling them was where the rub came in.

TO A WATER-COLOR.

SWEET Phyllis, maid of yesterday,
Come down from out that frame,
And tell me why you looked so gay—
Likewise your other name.

Had bold Sir Plume confessed his love
And asked you if you'd wed?
And had he called you "Lovey-dove"—
And how long are you dead?

Where did you get that wondrous gown,
Those patches and that hair;
And how were things in London town
The last time you were there?

And did you die, a maid or wife—
Your husband lord or knave;
And how did you like your jolly life,
And how do you like the grave?

Tom Hall.



Ethel (excitedly): HE HAS KNOWN ME ONLY TWO DAYS AND HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME.

Eva: YOU MEAN, I SUPPOSE, THAT HE HAS KNOWN YOU TWO DAYS AND *only* PUT HIS ARM AROUND YOU.

BOOKISHNESS

MORE PASTELS IN PROSE, BY MISS SWILKINS.

AFTER THE JAG: He had been out all night, but got home early in the morning. The way from the club to his home was long and tortuous; the steaming pavements rose and fell rhythmically in the pale light of dawn. Down the avenue the electric lights marched in platoons of fours, while he stood at the corner of the square and reviewed the procession. When the last platoon had vanished through the Washington Arch he made a profound salute and resumed his weary search for the lost number. As the clock in old Trinity solemnly pealed out the hour of six he found it. He had been out all night, but got home early in the morning.

Through an embrasured window the wife of his heart looked out upon the gleaming street. Long had she waited for the coming of his feet. The memory of his vows of temperance was ever with her, like the perfume of roses. Out on the Avenue she recognized his martial figure, reviewing the procession of lights, and a great joy filled her soul when she remembered that she was a soldier's daughter, and not afraid of anything.

He had been out all night, but got home early in the morning. The wife of his heart, with fire in her eye, greeted him at the head of the stairs. "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*," he murmured in a forgotten tongue, "but oh what a difference in the morning!"

* * *

IN MARSHMALLOW LAND: Far up the Broadway lies Marshmallow land.

The shining windows are filled with the rich products of that sweet country, and their perfume floats out upon the sidewalk. Through the open doorway can be heard the playing of the fountains, and the soft voice of the siren as she asks the mystic question, "Strawberry, Vanilla or Lemon?"

No school-girl ever heard the playing of that fountain and voice of the siren without turning aside and disappearing in the glittering vortex. And the door is always open and the fountains always playing in Marshmallow land!

There is no man in Marshmallow land—for the wise men pass by on the other side. But now and then a dudelet who is new to the ways of the world pauses for a moment at the glittering windows, and is lost.

Oh fair, persuasive, false Marshmallow land—the heaven of a young maid's hopes, and the Valhalla of her allowance!

* * *

LIFE: There is silence everywhere in the great house. In the vaulted library the hearth-fire flickers on the backs of books, and lights up the old arm-chair, and the face of the Master. The unseen wind dashes at the windows vehemently, but retires, moaning in defeat because they are protected with Hawkins' Bevelled Weather Strips (see advertising pages).



"DINKLE'S RIDING ACADEMY IS GOING TO GIVE AN EQUINE MINSTREL SHOW."

"YOU DON'T SAY!"

"YES; AND A FIFTH AVENUE STAGE HORSE IS GOING TO BE THE BONES."

I pray you, friend, who dwells in the great house, and sits in the vaulted room?

An Anglomaniac.

What holds he in his hand?

A copy of *Punch*.

Reads he it?

He thinks he does.

But his eyelids droop, and the firelight flickers on the ghost of a smile that came to be amused, but died of misplaced confidence.

Does the Master sleep?

He sleeps.

His servant, in gorgeous livery, enters with a silver salver, and on it the evening mail. He places it on the oaken table at his master's elbow. The firelight continues to flicker and the foiled wind returns to its assault on the weather strips—but still the Master stirs not.

Is he dead?

Perhaps.

Will nothing save him?

If he has a sense of humor he may be saved.

The persistent wind finds one window which was overlooked by Mr. Hawkins and rattles it vigorously. The Master rouses a little and his eye falls on a paper in the evening's mail. He grasps it eagerly as a drowning man catches at a straw. He opens its pages, and immediately the smile returns from ghost-land. In a few moments the vaulted library echoes with the Master's laughter.

Is he saved?

He is saved.

What holds he in his hand?

LIFE.

[Our advertisers will please notice that we are not to be beaten by the great magazines in adopting this new literary form, and we are prepared to produce, at short notice, a Pastel, fully up to the French originals, which will skillfully advertise any article of commerce from a grand piano to a fine comb. Rates on application.—EDS.]

This incredible monotony is the only character the street can boast.

During the recent Columbian festivities, a triumphal arch was erected in Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-eighth Street, and it added so much to the beauty of the avenue and to the entire neighborhood in which it was placed, that a feeling of regret was caused that it should be only a temporary structure. We give herewith a drawing of the arch, which of course has possibilities of improvement. The position could also be bettered by placing it so as not to impede travel.

If a monument similar to this could be erected in that vicinity, it would add so tremendously to the beauty of our present matter-of-fact avenue, that its existence seems almost a necessity.

The arch at the Washington Square end gives distinction to the entire neighborhood. The entrance to Central Park is certainly no less important.

Why not have it?

We are rich. We are also vulgar, and somewhat dishonest, but if we wish to be beautiful, there is no good reason why we should not get a little nearer to it than we have yet.

REVERSING THINGS.

BOBBY: Funny thing about Sissy's two beaus, isn't it, Pop?

FOND PARENT: What is it?

BOBBY: Why, Mr. Boldleigh is a grocer and Mr. Gotrox is in the real estate business.

FOND PARENT: What about it?

BOBBY: Well, Sis. says that Mr. Boldleigh has lots of sand but that Mr. Gotrox has more sugar.

"YES, sah," said the barber as he played a reveille on the strop with his razor blade, "some bahbahs may be jus' as good as othehs, on'y they don't suit some men. You see its a

question of pussonal magnitude; a bahbah may not be of the right temperature to suit a customer."

"JOHN, what's the Salic law we read about in history?" asked Mrs. John.

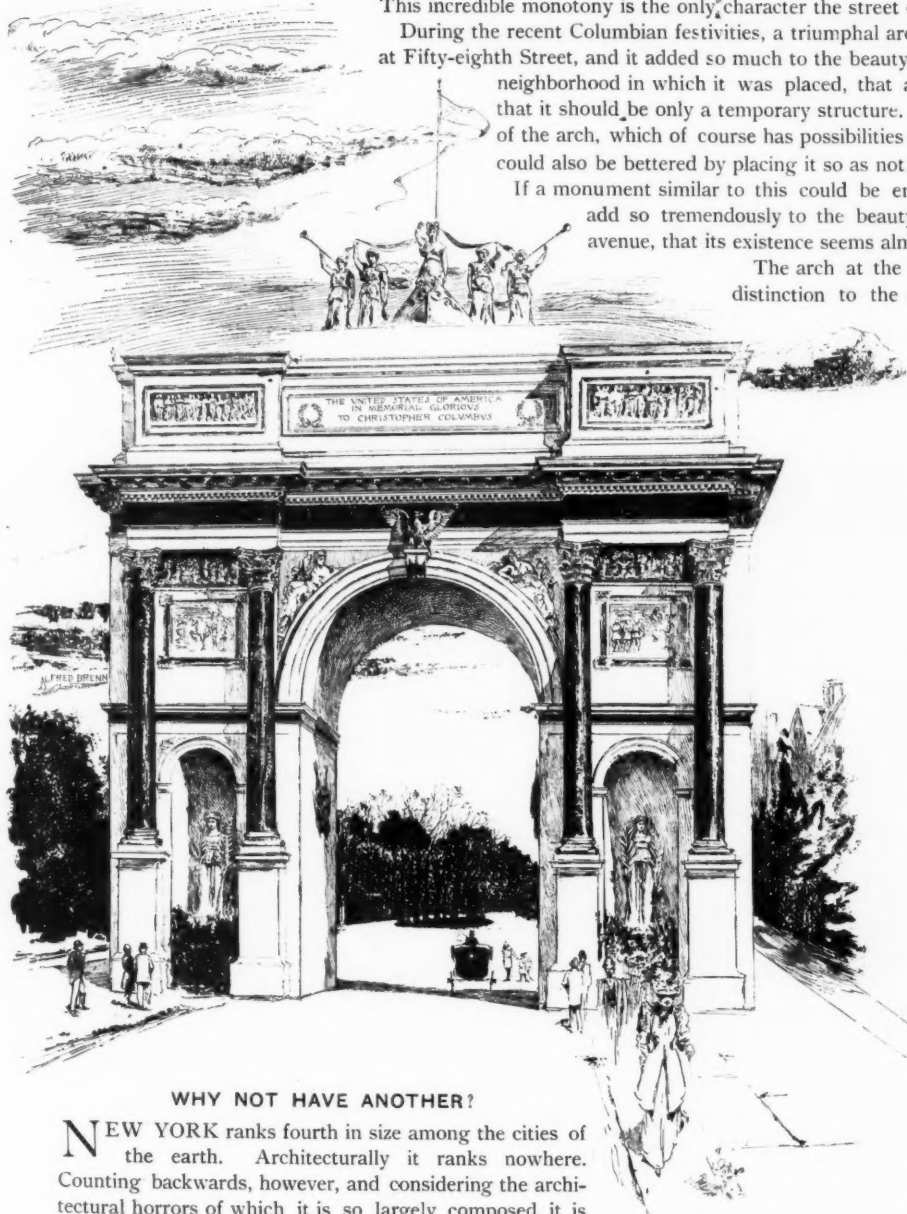
"It was a law that prevented women becoming kings," replied John, learnedly.

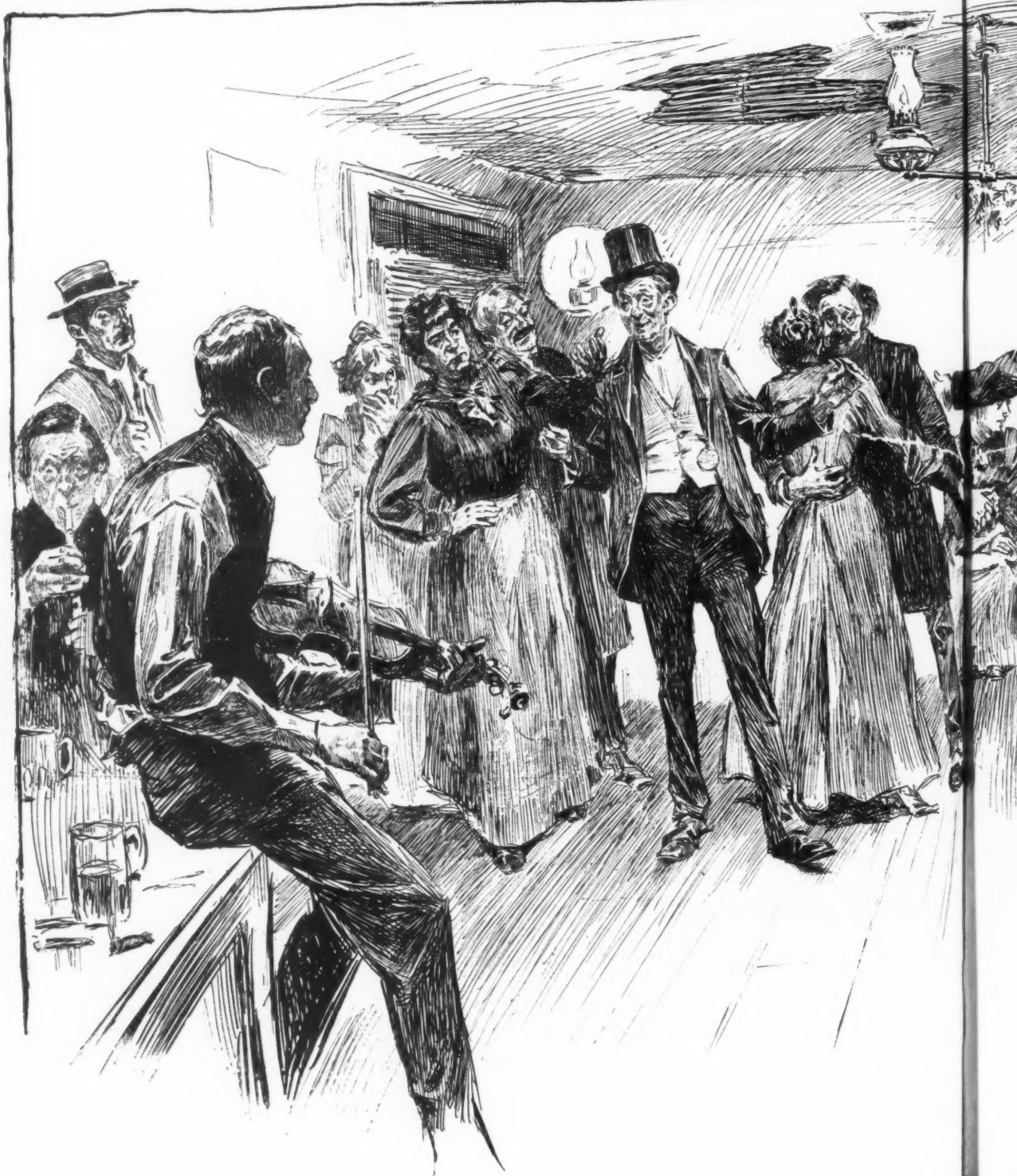
THEY'RE OFF!—Lunatics.

WHY NOT HAVE ANOTHER?

NEW YORK ranks fourth in size among the cities of the earth. Architecturally it ranks nowhere. Counting backwards, however, and considering the architectural horrors of which it is so largely composed, it is far ahead of all competitors.

This is owing to its private residences being built wholesale by contractors, who dispensed with architects. Architects, however, were demanded in some of the public buildings, but great care was taken, as a rule, that only the worst architects should be employed. The result of all this is, the city we now live in and endeavor to be proud of. Fifth Avenue, like the other streets, consists for the most part of innumerable brown stone platitudes, all depressingly alike.





THE SALON OF NEW
AN EVENING WITH THE WOMEN'S SOCIETY



SALON NEW YORK.
H THE MEN'S SONS CHOWDER CLUB.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE SCIENTISTS WILL EVER DISCOVER THE MISSING LINK?"
 "THEY CAN'T HELP IT. I DANCED WITH TWO OF THE LINKS LAST EVENING."



SARDOU'S LATEST.



IN "Aristocracy" we had an American's serious treatment of the marriage of American heiresses to titled European rascals. In Sardou's "Americans Abroad," which received its first production on any stage at the Lyceum Theater last week, we have a Frenchman's more airy treatment of the same subject. In the former it is the principal and only motive of the play; in the latter it is made subsidiary to a pretty love story. In "Aristocracy" there is plot enough for two or three plays; in the latter the consummate act of the author makes much of very little story indeed. "Aristocracy" is like a good, solid English dinner, and you go away with the feeling that you have put something substantial into your system. "Americans Abroad," is more like the French repast which tickles your palate agreeably, but makes you wonder when it is all over whether or no you have really had anything to eat.

"Americans Abroad" is decidedly in Sardou's lightest

vein. It seems almost incredible that it was written by the author of "Fedora" and "La Tosca." There is no straining to produce striking situations and only at one point—the scene where *Gilbert Raymond* (Mr. Kelcey) finds that *Florence Winthrop* (Miss Cayvan) suspects that he, like all her titled suitors, is a fortune hunter—does the piece become in the least emotional. All the rest is the gentlest kind of light comedy.

Sardou has been harsher to his own countrymen and countrywomen in this play than to the Americans he introduces. The former he paints in very black colors, and the latter are far from the usual impossible Americans of the foreign author. They are distinctly creditable specimens of our people, and with the exception of *Richard Fairbanks* (Mr. Lemoyne) are to be met with even in America. It is possible that M. Sardou wrote the piece only for the American market, and that if he had meant it for the French stage, he would have been less flattering in his treatment

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK.



DEC. 16, 1773.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

of the American characters. It is to be feared that in its present shape the piece would be hissed by any French audience before which it might be presented.

The Lyceum Company gives an excellent performance of the play. Mr. Lemoyne's part—the benevolent but shrewd American father—fits him admirably. Mrs. Walcot as *Baroness de Beaumont*, a scheming marriage broker, has more work than has fallen to her for some time, and does it with a thorough conception of its necessities. Both Mr. Kelcey and Miss Cayvan appear to more than usual advantage.

The play is well mounted, the setting of the second act, which represents the studio of *Miss Winthrop*, in the Bohemian quarter of Paris, with a view of the Seine and one of the boulevards through the windows, is unusually unique and effective.

Metcalf.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HUMORIST.

SHE: Why do you suppose Mr. Tompkins always wears such an amused smile?

HE: Well, he ought to. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and is very self-conscious.



Visitor: WHAT IS ALL THAT NOISE AND RACKET IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE?

Office Boy: OH, THAT'S THE SILENT PARTNER GOING OVER THE BOOKS.



THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

HOLIDAY BLESSING.

BILLINGS finds cause for thankfulness in the circumstance that he doesn't have to read all the stories in serial form, nor always have to stop where the interest is culminating and wait a month.

Also that some stories are broken into monthly instalments, and you don't have to plough through the whole of them at once.

Also because by the exercise of decision and some dexterity the advertisements may be yanked out bodily from the latter ends of the Christmas magazines, thus constituting two separate periodicals, both illustrated, one for Billings himself and the other for Mrs. Billings, the convenience of both being furthered by the division, and peace promoted in the family.

THE SUPERIOR ONE: I get everything from Tiffany.

THE HUMBLE ONE: Yes? Do tell me, how is his beefsteak?

• LIFE •



WANTED TO SET.

"WHAT is the matter with that hen?"

Said Boston lady's guest,
When she observed a clucking fowl
The former had impressed.

"I think," the Hub-ite quick replied

Unto the other turning,

"The gallinaceous female has

A sedentary yearning."

—Boston Courier.

ONE day, when the pork packer was a younger man, making his way in New York, he was going down Wall street. Fortunately, or unfortunately for him, he had been made the father of twins, and the plurality frightened him. He could not attend to business, and he used to wander about the streets thinking how he was to feed two mouths where he had provided for one only. He wore a worried look—you see, he did not expect them,

and of course it rattled him considerably; moreover, he thought everybody knew it, and if he saw a particularly sympathetic man in the crowd, X. felt in his bones that the man was saying to himself, "Sorry for you, old fellow, but I've been there myself." And so he went down the street with a load on his heart and a bent head, until he suddenly ran bump! into something. It was a frowzy-headed newsboy, but the boy with a keen sense of trade, looked up into X.'s face and cried: "Extra Sun, sir?"

"Yes," growled the packer, "just my luck."—*Boston Budget.*

It was at the close of the wedding supper, when the guests had all gone, that the father-in-law observed to his daughter's new husband:

"Oh, by the way, Cabbage, of course you know that my check for \$10,000, displayed among the presents, was merely to sustain the credit of the family. You can give it back to me now."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," replied the young man. "It will get back to you in due course, through the bank. You see I thought the credit of the family would be best maintained by depositing it to my credit, so I slipped out and did so, just before the bank closed."—*Browning's Monthly.*

A WITTY individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went first to one and then to the other, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered, half audibly, to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another; and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Packer's Tar Soap.

IS PURE, ANTISEPTIC,
LATHERS READILY,
SOOTHES IRRITATED SKIN.

Its use for Bath and Shampoo gives one a sense of exquisite cleanliness.

It removes Dandruff, allays Itching, makes the Hair Soft and Glossy; and

WARDS OFF CONTAGION.

Lundborg's

Violet

AND

Lilac

TOILET WATERS

AND

OPAL

SMELLING SALTS.



CELEBRATED HATS.

Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets
And The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.
175 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 23d & 25d Sts.
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago, 914 Chestnut St., Phila.
Agencies in all Principal Cities.
Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

A GRAND COMBINATION

YALE MIXTURE

FOR THE PIPE.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS

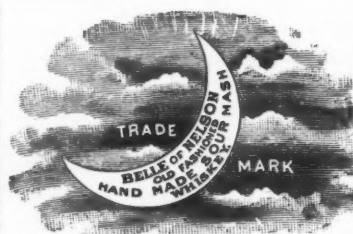
"LIFE" BINDER

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will hold 25 Numbers.

Address OFFICE OF "LIFE,"

28 W. 23d Street, - New York.



BELLE OF NELSON Whisky is distilled for the finest trade, and for the purpose is bottled at the distillery in Nelson County, Ky. Is guaranteed to be a hand made sour mash of the finest quality. No whisky produced ranks higher. No first-class club, hotel, bar or saloon can afford to be without it. Adapted especially for gentlemen's sideboards and for sickness. Price \$15 per case, containing 12 bottles. Received by us direct from the distillery. Address

**Acker, Merrill & Condit,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

DALY'S THEATRE. Every night, 8:15.

THE HUNCHBACK.

* * * The extraordinary success of this beautiful play compels Mr. Daly to postpone the production of "AS YOU LIKE IT" until Dec. 13. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

SPAULDING & Co.

(INCORPORATED.)

Gold and Silver Smiths.

For the Holiday Season

We show a most complete stock in **Diamonds, Watches, Sterling Silverware, Clocks, Jewelry, Brac-a-Brac, Opera Glasses, Fine Silver Mounted Leather Goods, Silver Toilet Sets and Works of Art**, suitable for Wedding and Holiday Presents.

36 Ave. de l'Opera,
Paris. State & Jackson St.
Chicago.

18th Edition, postpaid, for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
C. F. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."
—*Athenaeum.*

Jubilee Number of Life

To be Ready Dec. 18th.

Commemorates the Tenth Anniversary of LIFE'S Existence.

It gives portraits of LIFE's artists and contributors, with characteristic comments concerning LIFE's origin and growth.

For sale by all newsdealers.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



Krakauer, Ladies' Tailor, 391 FIFTH AVE., Cor. 36th St.

Mr. Krakauer begs to announce that he has now on view the latest importations and novelties from London and Paris, and respectfully invites a visit of inspection from his patrons and others.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS
AND MATERIALS.

Strictly Tailor Made
Habits and Jackets at
MODERATE PRICES.

Perfect Fit
Guaranteed.



"No, sir, you don't catch me shamming off sick to stay home from school and get all dosed up with castor oil and such stuff."

"Oh, I'm all right on that. We're homeopaths at our house."

Arnold Constable & Co Woolen Dress Stuffs.

Clearance sale of DRESS PATTERNS and short lengths of this season's importation, plain and fancy effects. These goods will be marked at a

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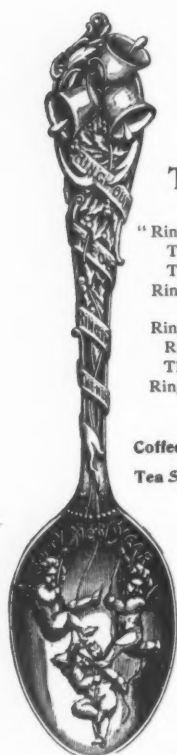
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